Certainly $5,000 is not much revenue, though it seems to embarrass the Monmouth people to pay it. If New-Jersey is going to compound with gamblers it should contrive to get something handsome from the deal. A fair price for Monmouth would have been $1,000 for each racing day, and that sum the track could have afforded if properly conducted. But the racetrack people possessed so strong a hold upon the township authorities that they were able to get their license without first stipulating the sum to be paid, and to hold

"IKE" THOMPSON.

it upon the offer of only $5,000 for the season. And even that is still due. It is to be hoped that the farmers of Monmouth County understand this situation and realize how greatly the morals of their communities are being corrupted, and how less than little they are getting for it. It may be true that the association cannot afford to pay even $5,000 on the business now being done. But the Monmouth County people, whose sons are being made acquainted with the vicious influences of the betting ring, and whose daughters are being subjected to the unpleasant sights of the grandstand promenade, ought to have that $5,000, business or no business. They ought not to be asked to put up with such a daily invasion of gamblers and rapid women as now constitutes the chief feature of Monmouth without getting their $5,000.

SCENES ON THE GRANDSTAND PROMENADE.

As the half holiday increased the general crowd, so it increased the touts, the sharpers and the "ladies-in-waiting." Laden with complimentary tickets and paint, frisky with plumes in their hats and fans in their hands, broadened with balloon puffs on their dress, and scented with odors enough to sicken a drove of musk-oxen, these

COLONEL SIMMONS, PRESIDING JUDGE.

treasures of the Tenderloin precinct moved about the promenade in thick array. The promenade at Monmouth is a platform that runs along the grandstand throughout its entire length, dividing it into an upper and a lower section. The most convenient approach to the betting ring for occupants of the grandstand in either section is by way of this promenade. After every race the Tenderloin treasures dispose themselves about the promenade, boldly intercepting men on the way to the betting-ring, inviting them to take them into the restaurant, asking for advice as to bets on the next race, or offering advice of their own—saying anything in fact that would enable them to get into conversation with the men. This was what they were there for. This was the interest they had in the races. The return they made for the complimentary tickets came about in inducing the men they caught to take them into the restaurant and treat them to wine, and to pay for their bets. In this way they met their obligation to the bookmaker and the restaurant-keeper from whom they obtained their complimentary tickets.

The wheels within wheels at a racetrack are as bewildering as the movements of a circular saw and as dangerous to fool with. If you knew the meaning of all you saw it would be worth a great fortune to you. These girls are—no, women—are all bountifully supplied with "tips." They have a friend who knows a trainer, or who has done a

DAVID GIDEON.

good turn to a jockey, and they can tell just exactly what is going to happen. They got it straight, but under such conditions of secrecy that of course at first they are very reluctant to say anything about it. But if the victim of these approaches is fool enough to show any interest in their information, they will hint a little more of it and a little more still, until finally they get him into the restaurant, where he finds himself taxed with the price of a bottle of wine. Then they let him have the whole story, which is always direct enough and vague enough to make the average man think he knows something, only to discover when the race is run that he knew a good deal worse than nothing. Still, the woman has had the wine, the restaurant-keeper the price of it, the bookmaker has had the bet and the victim has had his experience. How rich this business is can be judged from the number of persons engaged in it. They were to be counted yesterday by scores. The Law and Order League of New-Jersey would have had a fine story to tell to the respectable people of that State if they could have obtained a full and faithful report of the scenes and incidents on the promenade and in the restaurant at Monmouth yesterday between the races.

THE DUPES AND THE TOUTS.

They would have told how the men sitting in the grandstand, a race being finished, swarmed into the aisles and through them into the promenade; how these women came around them in flocks, catching at them first with smiles and glances, and when these were not sufficiently tenacious, boldly enough with their hands; how they carried them off up and down the promenade for little chats, finally wheedling them into the restaurant and then into the betting ring. The kind of men captured in this way is of course essentially the dupe, but it is the dupe that gamblers live on.

The dupe's troubles are not ended when he has escaped the women. Having got into the betting ring he is at once surrounded by the tout, both white and black. The tout is another individual who knows just what is going to happen, and who is willing to divulge his information for a consideration. He knows a dupe as a rat knows a piece of cheese. He has badges that admit him to all parts of the grounds. He is to be seen in apparently intimate conversation with trainers and jockeys, and from them he saunters into the betting-ring and tells you which horse he likes. He likes every horse that has a chance to win. To one dupe he likes one horse, to another another horse, to a third a third horse, and if the dupe bets on his information the condition is that he has an interest in the bet. So, having an interest in the success of every horse that has a possibility of winning, the tout, if he is a wise tout, is bound

IN THE LADIES' RESTAURANT.

to come out all right. So, too, are the bookmakers who have obtained on his touting three or four or five different bets. Never has the tout been so numerous at Monmouth as he is to-day. He pervades the betting ring. He is a professional snare, and his prevalence is one of the surest tokens of the absorption of Monmouth by the professional gamblers. He could easily be got rid of. The law is not as tender of touts as it is of reporters. If Morris, Dwyer, Walcott and the rest were as anxious to prevent the fleecing of the public as they are to prevent the public from getting the information to protect itself against the fleecers they would bring in the reporters and put out the touts. But with a manager of their betting ring who has been notorious for years as a faro-bank keeper, and who is himself backing a book in the ring, where he stands as judge between the bookmakers and the betting public, touting and touts appeal as a saving grace.

VARIOUS TYPES AT THE RACETRACK.

Horseracing is a business in which all kinds of people engage. Among the stables represented yesterday was one owned by turfmen who were graduated from a butcher's shop; another owned by a brewer; another owned by a gambler; another by a banker; another by a trainer; another by a lottery king; another by a politician, and another by a gentleman of leisure. The gamblers, however, had much the best of it at the finish. Four races out of six were won by professional gamblers, and three of the four by a single firm of well-known and highly enlightened gamblers. Having plenty of time for racing, all the gamblers are plainly on the track to get what they can out of it. They got a pretty pile yesterday. They were present in the paddock looking after their interests like men who intended to let nothing slip by. They watched their horses being rubbed down. They took their jockeys aside and held them in earnest conversation. They sent a mint of money into the ring. All this activity is real in the light of the finish. Its meaning was not so clear before the races were run. One of these gamblers stood in the paddock looking at his horse as it was being led out to the track. He was a heavy, stolid man with a low forehead, a wide mouth, an evasive sort of nose, the kind whose significance you can't seem to make up your mind about, and a pair of little eyes as green and glittering as an unquarried jadestone in a cliff of Burmah. He looked at the horse and he looked at a little man who was standing by him. Then his green eyes made a circular, sweeping movement taking instantly into vision all the

J. E. MACDONALD.

objects within a radius of twenty-five feet, turning at last on the little man in a sharp, quick flash that was accompanied with a whispered instruction. The little man made a spring for the betting ring, and a pretty little fortune would have been the meed of him who could have read correctly the true meaning of that gambler's glance.

TAMMANY'S ALLIANCE WITH THE GAMBLERS.

The Monmouth gamblers' latest ally, the Tammany politician, was out in great force and in various forms. He came as a General Sessions Judge, as a Superior Court Judge, as a Police Justice, as an Excise Commissioner, as a Dock Commissioner, and as several other kinds of humble and dutiful vassal. When Mr. Croker went into racing, it was not as an individual, but as Tammany. All the politicians, all the office-holders, all the saloon-keepers, all the places that live by defying the law, went into racing, too, and notwithstanding that the great chief was himself absent from the track yesterday, all these were there. The greater of them in the paddock had the distinguished privilege of conversing personally with the Messrs. Dwyer, and to some the privilege was vouchsafed of shaking hands with Mr. Morris. It was the next thing to receiving a not of recognition from Mr. Croker himself. What did it matter to them that they lost a few dollars when the politician's horse fell a victim to the horse of the gambler with the little green eyes. They had done their duty; they had come to the races, and had brought their friends with them, and had made themselves known to the Messrs. Dwyer and to Mr. Morris, their honored chief's associates. The great lottery king and one of the ablest members of the city judiciary inferior to the Supreme Court sat together for a while, perhaps discussing the relations of lotteries and the law—a most natural topic of conversation at a place where there is so much lottery and so little law. A member of the Criminal Court walked through the betting ring, taking personal observation of much that was objectionable and ought to have been suppressed.

Here and there throughout the crowd, and numerously enough to form a crowd of itself, was a party essentially Tammany in character and appearance, every individual of it distinguished by a complimentary badge admitting it to the track and the grand-stand. Monmouth was going to have a crowd whatever it cost to get it. It had the assistance of the touts, the Tenderloin treasures and the Tammany politicians, and a crowd, such as it was, it obtained. The men who made Monmouth in the days when Monmouth was really great and prosperous, when racing was conducted there upon the highest principles of honor and fair dealing, when the connection between the betting-ring and the paddock was restricted as far as possible—these men, such of them as are now alive,

JOHN DALY.

must see with pain and humiliation the depth to which the work they built up has fallen. The track they made one of the greatest in the country, the splendid property they built up to be among the first of its kind they see now in the possession of men whose interest in horseracing is the interest not of sportsmen, but of gamblers, of men whose money is invested not to see how superb a breed of horses can be developed here, but how much money can be drawn from the pockets of dupes and fools. It is an interesting experiment, interesting in all its phases. It does not seem as if it were certain to be successful from the gambler's point of view. It will be strange indeed if the respectable turfmen of America will consent to stand idly by while one of the finest racing properties is brought to disgrace, and the turf shockingly injured in its fall. It will be stranger if the respectable and order-loving people of New-Jersey shall not soon intervene to save their State from the mischief which is now causing such ravages.

WATCHING THE CLOUD OVER MONMOUTH.

THE RESPECTABLE PEOPLE OF NEW-JERSEY HOPE THAT THE STORM WILL BREAK SOON AND SWEEP AWAY THE GAMBLING INIQUITY.

Great interest is felt by people generally in this part of New-York State and the whole of New-Jersey about what decision the Supreme Court of New-Jersey will make in the certiorari proceedings which are now before the court in the cases of the Monmouth and the Elizabeth racecourses. These proceedings were taken by the Law and Order League to test the question of whether or not such scandalous legislation as that which was enacted at Trenton in the latter part of February shall be allowed to continue a disgrace to the State. The law placed the discretionary power of allowing racecourses and bookmakers to flourish in New-Jersey in the hands of local boards of aldermen and township committees throughout the State. This reduced the opposition which the racing people would have to overcome to a minimum.

Events since the law took effect have amply proved the fact that the gamblers and politicians knew what they were about when they secured the passage of this act. They have not had the slightest trouble in procuring licenses from these local boards.

As was told in The Tribune yesterday, the Monmouth Park people secured their license under the law before the act had really taken effect. Such a little irregularity as that does not bother them, however. The association secured the license and that was all it wanted. The respectable citizens of the State made a strenuous effort after the bad work had been done to repair it, but up to the present time they have accomplished nothing.

How far they will allow the gamblers to go remains to be seen. The Law and Order League began and is conducting the only organized fight against them that has been seen thus far. This association applied for writs of certiorari to review the action of the township committees in granting the licenses under the law, and indirectly attacking the validity of the law itself. These cases are now before the New-Jersey Supreme Court.

The hope had been entertained for some time that an early decision might be rendered, which would have some effect on the racing associations this year. But in this the Law and Order people seem doomed to disappointment. Courts of such high authority as this one are always extremely deliberate, and at present the justices are supposed to be enjoying their vacations. Consequently there is little hope felt that a decision will be rendered so that it will affect the racing this season.

The counsel for the Law and Order people have made out an extremely strong case before the court. They openly attack the law on the ground that it violates the constitutional provision against lotteries. It is also contended that, it being special and local in its operation, it both regulates the internal affairs of towns and grants to certain corporations and individuals exclusive privileges and immunities.

R. V. Lindabury, who appeared for the plaintiffs against the Elizabeth track, in the brief which he submitted to the court, admirably sums up the question as it refers to gambling. "Gambling houses," he says, "have been under the ban of the common law as far back as that law can be traced. They have always been regarded as common nuisances, because they tempt to idleness and bring together great numbers of disorderly and vicious persons."

Being illegal in themselves, from their nature, he contends that they stand on a different basis from practices and institutions which are not illegal until the legislative power declares them to be so. Therefore, he declares that it is not a mere police regulation which the Legislature has interfered with and rendered unequal in different localities, but a crime, absolutely evil in itself, and proscribed as such by universal conviction of political society here and its predecessors in England for a thousand years.

JOHN LAMBLEY, M. F. DWYER'S JOCKEY.

This point in his brief he closes in an extremely masterly way. "But it may be said," he says, "that although gaming houses are nuisances in law, nevertheless the Legislature has the right to license them for the purpose of regulation and repression, and in that way to permit them in some localities while excluding them in others. I am not prepared to concede this power in regard to any offences which are crimes from their nature, or 'malum in se.' Surely the Legislature would not have the power to license bribers for the purpose of regulating and repressing bribery. No more would it have the power to license houses for the receipt of stolen goods with a view of regulating and repressing that crime.

"Neither the license (in these cases) nor the municipal body granting the license is given the slightest control of the gaming houses within the licensed enclosure while the license runs. Any person may set up a gaming house thereon who is willing to pay an admission fee to the track, and any keeper of such a house may with perfect impunity conduct it in any way that he chooses. He may deliberately destroy the hope of young and the support of the aged. He may lure women to his booth, and take the pennies of young children. The weak and simple minded may be his especial victims, and yet no provision can be found in either of these acts whereby his nefarious practices can be either regulated or repressed.

"The tracks themselves may become very Monte Carlos of iniquity, with murder, insanity and suicide as their constant results, and yet there is no provision anywhere in this legislative scheme for regulating or repressing them, even in such a case."

Concerning the part of the law which prohibits racecourses in towns of more than 100,000 inhabitants he says: "The first section of the first article of our State Constitution declares that all men have certain natural and inalienable rights, among which are those of enjoying and defending life and property, and of pursuing and obtaining safety and happiness. Mackintosh in his celebrated 'study of the Law and of Nations' declares that 'legal liberty consists of every man's security against wrong.' Can the Legislature take away that security from the inhabitants of Elizabeth and Camden while guaranteeing it to the inhabitants of Newark and Jersey City? Or can what is a crime per se in Newark and Jersey City be anything else in Elizabeth and Camden?"

URGENT NEED OF A FAT REDUCER.

THE OWNER OF A FINE DOG RESOLVES TO BUY A BICYCLE.

Smith gave Brown a fine pup a year ago, and the other day the two men met.

"How's the dog?" asked Smith.

"He's the handsomest dog in New-York," answered Brown proudly. "Everybody who sees him falls in love with him. Dozens of people have tried to buy him from me. He has been stolen twice, but I got him back both times. He's a fine dog; you ought to see him now, but—" and he gave a sigh.

"But what?"

"Oh, he's a good dog, a beautiful dog; there's none better. I wouldn't part with him for the world, but—"

"Well, what about it?"

"You see he requires a good deal of exercise; in fact no end of exercise. He gets so fat, you know."

"Why don't you diet him?"

"Oh, I've dieted him. I turned him loose to run. I get him to chase a baseball. I taught him to swim into the river after sticks, and I lamed my arm throwing sticks for him so that I could hardly use it. I've encouraged him to chase cows, dogs, chickens, everything so as to get exercise, but he will get fat."

"Why don't you try going on long walks with him?"

"Long walks! Man alive, I've walked all over Long Island with that dog. I got in such fine training that I could walk twenty-five miles and never feel it. But you see the trouble is he's lazy; he just trots along behind me comfortably, and he doesn't get a bit thinner. That dog's a caution for taking on fat."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Well, you see," said Brown with a bright smile of hope, "the dog needs so much exercise that I have studied the subject carefully. Now I'm going to get a bicycle and ride several miles a day. I'll hit it up as fast as I can go, and he'll have to keep a pretty lively gait to follow me. I'm sure that will keep his fat down. Anyway, I'm going to try it. Don't you think," he asked with warmth, "that it's a good idea?"

"It seems to be," said the former owner of the dog. "But how about you? Do you like bicycle riding?"

"Never—I can't say that I do, but it will be good for the dog. You see he's a wonder for taking on fat. I'm pretty thin myself, and this exercise is making me thinner. I suppose the bicycle riding will reduce my weight still further, but if it will help the dog—well, I'll be satisfied, wouldn't you?"

"I—perhaps so."

"But say," said Brown, when they were parting, "I wish you could see him now. He's the best dog on Long Island," he added with a confident smile. "I wouldn't part with him for anything."

LISZT AS AN ADVERTISER.

From The London Globe.

Liszt, says a French paper, spelling his name with customary felicity, and Rubini once gave a concert in a little French town in the presence of only fifty people, including one lady. In spite of the small number the musicians surpassed themselves. Then Liszt addressed the assembly. "Gentlemen," said he, "and Madame, I think you've had enough music. Will you do us the honor to sup with us?" The supper cost nearly fifty pounds. Next evening the room was full. There are many somewhat neglected pianists and reciters among us who might take the hint.

THE HEROINE OF A REVOLT.

DEATH OF A WOMAN FOR WHOM POLAND MOURNS.

SAD END OF THE FORMER DICTATOR OF THE FRENCH FASHIONS—A STORY OF DEVOTION.

Three women have died in Europe within a few weeks who in different ways and for different reasons enjoyed international fame. One was a leader of fashion, the other a scholar and the heorine of a revolution, and the third the central figure in a story which years ago excited the interest of the Continent.

The most intellectual of the trio was Mme. Nialvine de Ogonowski, professor or lector of the Slavic languages at the old University of Bologna, Italy. There was a time, figuratively speaking, when an unhappy nation placed its homage at her feet, and she was the inspiration of thousands of men fighting for a lost cause.

Mme. de Ogonowski was born in the government of Vilna, the daughter of a noble and patriotic family whose name is immortally connected with the history of Poland, "the unhappiest of countries." Her life on the ancestral estate differed little from that of other young women of her class until the Polish revolution of 1863. She was then a beautiful young woman, whose black eyes flashed with indignation at the stories of her country's sufferings and wrongs. Russia had no more bitter foe than the frail, pale girl who preached resistance and rebellion with an eloquence and fervor that made men risk their lives gladly and die breathing a prayer. But, as the world knows, the revolt was crushed.

When the conquerors announced their intention of sending the leaders of the uprising to Siberia the heart of the young patriot was touched. A decree was issued that the exiles, as a special dispensation, might be accompanied by their wives. Then the young Baroness, who had fired so many men with enthusiasm, spoke, and all Poland listened and applauded. She proclaimed her intention of leaving her home and family, marrying that patriot who needed most the care of a wife, and accompanying him to the barren East. That man proved in her eyes to be M. de Ogonowski, a widower of advanced years, who had been found guilty of harboring insurgents at his country house. He had been condemned, however, to hard labor for life, despite his age and infirmities. The marriage took place, and the exiles left their comfortable and luxurious homes.

For seven years the young woman endured every hardship in Siberia. Her husband was many times unable to stand the work to which he was assigned and received unmerciful whippings because of his failure. The devotion of his wife alone saved his life a score of times. At last, M. de Ogonowski was pardoned and received permission to return to his native land in 1870. He hastened to Italy by the order of a physician to recover his shattered health; but just as he entered the hotel at Bologna he sank to the floor dead—the victim of his terrible Siberian exile.

As M. de Ogonowski's estates had been confiscated, the brave widow was left penniless. But the Poles would not allow a woman who suffered so much for the honor of her country to lack support. Professor Domenico Santazata, president of a society founded to protest against Polish persecution, became interested in his lovely countrywoman, and secured her appointment as teacher of Polish in one of the schools of Bologna. She gave so great satisfaction that she soon received the appointment of lector of the Slavic tongues at the university—a rare honor for a woman according to Continental ideas.

King Humbert was a great admirer of the Polish woman and often increased her income by substantial presents from his own purse.

In her vacations Mme. de Ogonowski aided Minister Carpenti in preparing his history of Poland—a work which, unfortunately, he left unfinished at the time of his death. She wrote herself a "History of Polish Literature" which friends will publish in a short time. By her writings she did more than any other person to spread a knowledge of Polish and Slavic writers in Italy.

Mme. Ogonowski died a few weeks ago from pneumonia while on a trip to Florence. She had never recovered, in fact, from the effects of her terrible experiences in Siberia, and died really a victim of her intense love of country.

Americans who have visited the old cemetery in Dresden within the last quarter of a century have often seen a tall, white-haired woman of stately mien standing near a grave in one of the most secluded spots of the burying ground. There were marks of great suffering on her face—a face attractive despite the marks. Attendants who happened to meet her greeted her with extreme respect, as well they might. To visitors she was always pointed out. Those who watched her closely could see her place a few flowers upon the grave, stand for a moment as if in prayer and then turn again toward the gate.

The widow dressed in the deepest mourning was the Baroness von Joska. For twenty-eight years, summer and winter, in storm and sunshine, she spent each day a half hour at the grave of her husband. All Dresden knew her and respected her grief and devotion.

The Baroness von Joska was by birth a Baroness Podmanitzky. She met Joska—the Hungarian poet—in Buda-Pesth. He was married at the time to Elizabeth Kallay. But he fell deeply in love with the Baroness Podmanitzky and tried to induce the courts to grant him a divorce. As his own life and that of his wife had been spotless, the courts declined to interfere, and ten years passed by before he was enabled to lead his second wife to the altar. After the days of stress and storm in 1848, in which Joska took an active and honorable part, the Baron and Baroness were obliged to flee for their lives. They escaped to Brussels. Their estates had been confiscated and their entire fortune consisted at the time of 2,000 gulden. Life was hard for them. The Baroness paid the household expenses by translating her husband's works into German, corresponding for newspapers of Buda-Pesth and opening a lace store in the Belgian capital. But Joska's mind began to fail, and the physicians ordered him to Dresden. There he died on February 27, 1895. A few days ago the body of the devoted Baroness was laid at his side in the beautiful cemetery.

In one of the poorhouses of Bordeaux, neglected and forgotten, there died a few days ago a woman who was the leader or creator of the fashions in Paris when the names of Worth and Felix were unknown. In the days following closely the last Empire, Mme. Rodriquez ruled supreme in her particular world. Before her magnificent palace a row of carriages, with coats-of-arms and coronets on their panels, was almost constantly to be seen. Baronesses, countesses and princesses accepted her opinions on dress as law, and seldom ventured to contradict her. When they did so, Mme. Rodriquez had all the dignity of an offended Juno.

"My opinion is," once began a royal princess, in looking at a costume designed by the handsome Madame.

"But I did not know that I had asked Her Highness," came the reply, which cut off all further criticism.

"When will my dress be ready?" once asked the Countess de S——, her accent betraying some chagrin.

"Ah! Madame la Countess is impatient," answered the Madame. "I fear, then, that she will be obliged to wait."

In spite of her cavalier manner, however, Mme. Rodriquez had devoted friends among the best people of France, and when she became ill they were tireless in their attentions. Many of them knew what they owed her, and vied with one another in sending her flowers, presents and mementos. By the patronage of the fashionable world Mme. Rodriquez amassed a fortune and was able to settle a million francs on her only daughter when she was married.

But one morning early in the seventies there was great excitement among the frequenters of the famous house of fashion. Mme. Rodriquez had disappeared—none knew whither. A few months later, however, a rival house announced that Mme. Rodriquez had consented to take charge of its dress department. Then it was learned that the Madame had fallen in love with a young physician, had married him, and through him had lost her fortune. The fashionable world followed her to her new place, but Mme. Rodriquez could not bear to be in a dependent place and again deserted her post. Paris heard nothing of her for a year. One morning, however, she called at the hotel of one of her former customers, Baroness de R——.

"I have not eaten anything for three days," she said, "and have no money."

The Baroness relieved her wants and started a collection among the former patronesses of the famous dressmaker. They raised 60,000 francs and induced Mme. Rodriquez to promise to go to America and begin life anew. But she failed to keep her promise. Her worthless husband squandered her money and she sank into abject poverty. Almost a decade ago the woman—once wealthy and the autocrat of French fashion—became an inmate of the poorhouse where she died.